

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. I.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1840.

No. 22.

BROTHER JONATHAN, THE LARGEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!!!

The proprietors of this mammoth sheet, the "Great Western" among the Newspapers, have the pleasure of spreading before the reading public, a weekly periodical, containing a greater amount and variety of useful and entertaining miscellany, than is to be found in any similar publication in the world.

Each number of the paper contains as large an amount of reading matter, as is found in volumes of ordinary duodecimo, which cost two dollars, and more than is contained in a volume of Irving's Columbus, or Bancroft's History of Columbus, which cost three dollars a volume—all for six cents a number, or three dollars a year.

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As a family newspaper, Brother Jonathan will be found to present attractions beyond any other:

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News from all nations lumbering at his back."

The earliest intelligence, foreign and domestic, and the latest novelties in the literary world will be promptly served up for the gratification of the reader.

Strictly neutral in politics, it will contain nothing in favor or against any party, and will as sedulously avoid any of the controversies which agitate the religious community. Strict morality, virtue, temperance and industry, good order, benevolence, and usefulness to our fellow men, will be advocated and inculcated in every number of Brother Jonathan.

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For five dollars, two copies of the paper will be sent for one year, or one copy two years.

The EVENING TATTLER is published every day at the same office, and is put to press at 12 o'clock, M., in season for the great northern, eastern and southern mails, which close about 2 o'clock, P. M.

All country newspapers that give this prospectus three insertions, will be entitled to an exchange, on sending a number of their papers to this office containing the advertisement.

All communications and letters should be addressed, postage paid, to

GRISWOLD & CO.
192 Nassau Street, New York.

March 5.

THE EVERGREEN;

A Monthly Magazine of New and Popular Tales,
Poetry and Engravings.

THE characteristic feature of this work is signified and portrayed in its title. The monthly wreath we intend offering to our readers shall be literally composed of "Evergreens." Our design is to collect into a shape at once neat and suitable for preservation, the best and most interesting specimens of periodical and fugitive literature of the day; to carefully separate the chaff from the wheat, the dross from the fine gold, and to present a compendium, which, like good wine, shall be heightened in value by age, and be, in the language of our motto, "perennial and fragrant."

Of course it will but require a proper exercise of taste to render a magazine, formed on this plan, the richest depository of elegant and entertaining literature ever published, and this we seriously mean the "Evergreen" shall be; for we are quite sure we have the materials to render it so. We can boast of a more brilliant list of contributors than any contemporaneous periodical, as may be seen by glancing at the contents of our present number. Indeed, there is no author honorably known to fame in these or any former times, to whose productions we do not have access. We shall always aim, however, at presenting what is new and comparatively original to the readers of this country; believing at the same time, that an old familiar piece, so it be excellent in itself is far preferable to an original article having no claim upon the attention of persons of refined literary taste.

A portion of the talent of the age, in this country and in Great Britain, has been exercised in the periodical department of literature. We need not mention the names of Campbell, Wilson, Bulwer, Washington Irving, Jeffreys, Lockhart, Knowles, Moore, Marryat, Ainsworth, Miss Mitford, Prichard, Mrs. Hemans, T. K. Hervey, Barry Cornwall, T. Hood, Poole, Leigh Hunt, and hundreds of other distinguished and agreeable writers, to prove this fact. These and many others of eminence have given brilliancy to the magazine literature of the last ten years; and such of the productions of these as may be new and uncollected, shall find a "local habitation" in the Evergreen.

Our work will be embellished with engravings on wood or on steel, and each number will contain 50 pages neatly printed.

Terms, \$2 in advance. Published by J. Winchester, 23, Ann-Street, New York.
Subscriptions received by
P. THORNTON, P. M. Camden, S. C.

Office of Comptroller General, CHARLESTON, Jan. 16, 1840.

THE Legislature at their last session having enacted that the General taxes shall be paid in specie, paper medium or the notes of the specie paying Banks of the State, the Tax Collectors and Sheriffs of the State will govern themselves accordingly. roi's and Constable's Certificates are also receivable in payment of taxes as heretofore.

WM. ED. HAYNE
Comptroller General.

Jan. 25.

1518

SUMNER HOTEL.

THIS commodious establishment is now open for the reception of Boarders and Travellers. The proprietor will endeavor to please all who may favor him with a call, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

THOMAS STARKE.
Camden, March 26.

POETRY.

FOR THE JOURNAL. TO MY MOTHER.

What fond endearments, mother, does thy name,
Of all that's sacred to the heart, convey;
Kindling upon that altar its pure flame,
With incense sweet of years long past away.

Life's sun the zenith hast travers'd with thee,
Downwards low bending its still glorious crest;
And glancing beams far o'er the western sea,
Flash brightly on to some blessed isle of rest.

With time and thought those locks are silver'd now,
Which sham'd the raven's glossy wing, in youth;
And cluster they about thy pensive brow,
And round their throne of purity and truth.

Dear to me more than ever now, they seem
To symbolize the mortal cloud of ev'n.
That float in vision thro' a poet's dream:
Or that bright robe which spirits wear in Heav'n

Fond mem'ry, thro' the past must vigils keep,
O'er all the scenes of thy maternal care—
The hour of rest, when rob'd for ev'ning rest,
I kneel me down to lip my infant pray'r.

To church convey'd, my transport knew no bounds,
When first the white robd Priest caught my gaze;
Could I forget those wondrous sights and sounds—
The crowded aisles—the organ-choir of praise?

From school return'd, my mother's calm retreat
Claim'd the first thought, its troubles to beguile;
Or lay my hard earn'd honors at her feet,
And feel the heav'n of her approving smile!

Long years have passed, and thy once fair-hair'd boy,
Has reach'd, at length, the goal of manhood's prime;
Yet not with ease; nor yet without alloy,
Of dust and toil, in triumph o'er time!

And why, my mother did thy prayer prevail,
To stay this breath, and make the spirit live,
'Midst all the cares that may this heart assail,
Or all the pangs that this sad heart can give?

Was it for these, with each fond stealing tear,
My sickly couch thy constant love confin'd;
Or built for me bright palaces of air,
To see them melt, and leave no wreck behind?

Those thoughts will come, as distant clouds that low'r
O'er mem'ry's ruin, crumbled by a sigh;
And still they'll come, to hail the welcome hour,
When I may calmly lay me down and die!

Till then, my mother, thy sweet image seems
To rise before me ever pure and blest—
Thro' dross and wild, or time's unhallo'd eddies,
My guardian angel to a home of rest. E.

FOR THE JOURNAL. OLD SANDY HILL.

Thy days are number'd now, deserted cot!
And nigh an upstart doth his head uprear,
Claiming with haughty look the sacred spot,
Which thou alone, hast occupied for years.

In vain the manse would yet maintain its ground,
And claims of by-gone times in justice prove—
Domestic comfort—joys which circle round,
To make this scene the commonwealth of love.

Kind friends were here to crown the social hours,
With welcome glad (long may thy peace remain)
And beauty too, which like spring's sweetest flow'rs
One must admire, tho' he cannot obtain.

No more from hence the sacred hymns of praise
Will rise as incense to the dread supreme—
The song of mirth—the light of other days—
Have pass'd from thee as a forgotten dream!

We all will change! And dimm'd will be the ray
Of rosy smiles, when hope and youth depart;
For time will come with all its sad decay,
To clothe in weeds, the ruins of the heart!

But when the hour is come, to change, at length,
Those mortal frames which nature here hath giv'n,
Be ours the building of immortal strength,
Not made with hands, eternal in the Heav'n. P.

Miscellaneous.

THE TREMBLING EYE-LID.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas in the year 1778, that during the war of the Revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the Port of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails, & steered from an harbor with a fair fresh breeze, made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved darks and they came to anchor with difficulty near the harbor of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck,

sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt or hardihood endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, but could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water. They all were covered by the deep sea when the vessel became a wreck. But unfortunately the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued. The officers remained clear minded, but lost all authority over the crew who raved around them. A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined. The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wild over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some in temporary delirium fancied themselves in palaces surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants, who they supposed had refused to do their biddings—Others there were, who, amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home that they never more must see, and with hollow reproachful voices besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear. A few whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way making shrieks of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm.—Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely were the first to perish. On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat with their hands reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate. Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of the dead, only by the trembling of one of his eyelids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, & every effort used for their restoration. The Captain, and Lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the southwest side of the burial ground Plymouth. The funeral obsequies were most solemn.—When the clergyman who was to perform the last service first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expressions of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored, after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life. In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother, and her daughter, were constantly attending a couch on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eye-lid attracted the notice of pity, as he lay among the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me.—After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps, blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain, that the Captain and other officers, and a few good men warned them what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink—and tried every method in their power to restore them to order. They

still fed upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious—They died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under the water.—I toiled with a rope to drag it up. But my strength was not sufficient.

A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me.—At length, it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil, yet we gave God thanks. For we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it, and swallowing a little it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach.—Then my comrade died, and I laid beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses.—Presently the violence of the tempest that had long raged, subsided—and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard was among the dead. And I was so exhausted with toil and suffering and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again. They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind.—

Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, "O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, and for the sake of my dear sister save me." Methought the last man had gone, and I besought the Redeemer to receive my spirit.—But I felt a warm breath on my face. I strained every nerve. My whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said, "Come back and help me out with this poor lad. One of his eye-lids trembles, he lives. Oh, the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eye-lid, the prayer to God, and your lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears and the mother said, "praise be to Him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my age."

A NOBLE DEFENCE.—A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger lately published a severe article in reference to the Jews as a body. One of the Israelites of that city replies as follows:

"Can the author of the philippic against the Jews point out any Israelite who has ever been brought up before a magistrate and fined for drunkenness? or has ever one of our people been convicted, or even tried for murder, arson, rape, blasphemy, adultery &c.? Does your correspondent know of a single instance where any one of the Israelites has abandoned his wife and children and left them a charge to the overseers of the poor?" The writer of the letter then makes an appeal to us of the press. "I ask you if you ever received an advertisement from an Israelite announcing that his wife had eloped, and cautioning the public not to trust the partner of his bosom?"—Providence Courier.

EXTRAORDINARY PETITION.—On Saturday the 11th inst. Mr. Walker of Miss. presented to the Senate a petition from John Scarborough and Nancy his wife, asking a grant of land on the ground of having raised 20 children for the benefit of the Republic. They state that they emigrated from North Carolina about eight years ago to the far West; that they have reared 20 children, the oldest not 25, and the youngest not weaned. They tell Congress that by going to Texas they can have an immense grant of land, but they prefer their own glorious Republic. They express a hope that, with God's power "and perseverance," they may be further fruitful, as they have high health and unimpaired constitutions, and conclude with the belief that, as a future precedent, it will not be dangerous, but would rather meet with the approbation of the whole American People. It was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

ANIMAL COTTON.—In a recent number of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal there is an account of an insect very common in the West Indies called the Capada Worm, which produces a substance equal if not superior to the finest silk or cotton. It is of the most dazzling whiteness and of the greatest purity, answering the purposes of lint in the hospitals of the negroes, when silk and cotton serve only to inflame the wounds by the asperities of their filaments. The Capada worm itself does not yield the substance here spoken of, but is the more subject of a most singular process by which it is produced. The worm is assailed by a swarm of ichneumon flies, as they are called, a species of insect, very small, which drive their stings into the skin

of the victim over the whole extent of its back and sides, and at the same time deposit their eggs in the wounds thus made.

In the course of a fortnight these eggs are hatched, the Capada worm during that interval feeding upon leaves with great voracity; and the animalcules thus generated without quitting the body of the parent worm, elevate themselves on the lower extremities and each proceeds to envelope himself in a little cocoon. The cocoons occupy only about 2 hours, and myriads of them being crowded close together, form a white robe, with which the capada worm appears elegantly and comfortably clothed. As soon as this covering has been completed and the little artists that wove it have retired each to his cell, the worm endeavors to rid himself of his officious guests and of the robe which contains them; and he finally succeeds, after great efforts.

The cotton produced in this remarkable manner may be used without any preparatory process, as soon as the flies have quit the cocoons, which is generally within eight or ten days after their seclusion.—It is not known that any attempts have been made to weave this silky substance into a wearable tissue; but from the description that is given of its texture and consistency, there seems to be no doubt but that it could be wrought into a beautiful and enduring fabric.—Balt. American.

From the Southern Cabinet.

PRODUCTION OF ACRE OF COTTON.—Below you will have the product of an acre of short cotton that was manured the last year and planted on pine land, that had been planted for the last seven years without rest. I put three hundred bushels of compost manure on the acre; it was planted about the 10th of April, and yielded 300 pounds of clean cotton. The ground was listed, and the manure put on the list, and then then it was banked up.

COLLETON.

How to measure a Corn Crib—We have been asked in a variety of instances, the rule by which to arrive at the quantity of corn in a crib or house. That our patrons and their neighbors may understand the rule hereafter, we give the rule, as it may be of some use to them. Whatever may be the length of the crib, house or pen, measure its correct length, breadth and height, multiply the length into the breadth, then the height into that amount. Now for the rule—as there are 1728 cubic inches in a cubic foot, and 2150 cubic inches in a bushel, and 10 bushels in a brial in the ear, all you have to do is to multiply the length, breadth and height by each other, as above. This will give the contents in cubic feet, and then multiply the product by 1728, the cubic inches in a foot; this will give the number of inches in the house or crib, then divide by 21,502, the number of cubic inches in a barrel, and will be the quotient of the number of barrels in the ears. If you wish to know the number of bushels divide the number of bushels divide the number of cubic inches by 2150, and the quotient will be the number of bushels.—People's Advocate.

"Soft Soap" for the Ladies.—Mrs. Randolph, the author of the Virginia Housewife, gives the following mode of preparing a delightful cosmetic soap for washing the hands. Take a pound of castile, or any other nice old soap; scrape it into small pieces and put it on the fire with a little water—stir it till it becomes a smooth paste, pour it into a bowl, and when cold add some lavender water, or essence of any kind, beat it with a spoon until well mixed, thicken it with corn meal, and keep it in small pots closely covered.

It is said, that once, on an occasion when a distinguished citizen of North Carolina was disgusted by the taste of some beverage, or other, which was placed before him at the public table, to answer the place of coffee or tea, he exclaimed, 'Boy, if this is tea bring me coffee, and if it is coffee bring me tea.'

IN EQUITY.

LANCASTER DISTRICT:

G. L. Massey, Adm'r. }
vs } Bill for discovery and relief.
T. J. Wethers, et al.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, that Richard Williamson and William Gray, of the firm of Richardson Williamson & Co., Joseph Kessam, Edward H. Jacob, James A. Smith and William Bryce, of the firm of Kessam & Co., defendants in the above stated case, are absent from and reside without the limits of this State: On motion of J. Williams, Complainant's Solicitor, It is Ordered, That the said defendants do answer, plead or demur to the bill in the above stated case, within three months from the publication hereof, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against them.

J. H. WITHERSPOON, Jr.,
C. E. L. D.,
Comm'r's Office, March 28, 1840.

(Printer's fee 87)